Volume III Chicago, Ill., February, 1927 Number 11

The Liberal

MY CHURCH

My church has but one temple,
Wide as the world is wide,
Set with a million altars,
Where a million hearts abide.

My church has no creed to bar
A single brother man,
But says, "Come thou and worship"
To every one who can.

My church has no roof nor walk
Nor floor, save the beautiful sod,
For fear I would seem to limit
The love of the illimitable God.

--E. O. G.

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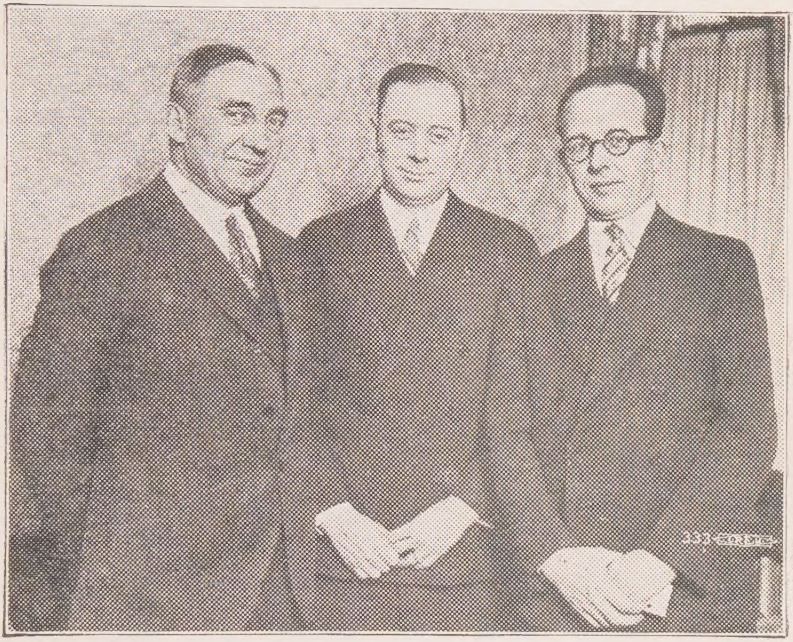

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OUR MAJOR CONCERNS

By Curtis W. Reese

While in church work all matters financial, managerial, and liturgical are of minor importance, they nevertheless require prompt, efficient, and devoted attention. Rarely are the laity attentive to these matters unless the minister also is attentive to them. Rarely do the laity fail in these matters if the minister takes a lively interest in them. I hold that initiative and supervisory responsibility in all church matters rest with the minister. Churchmanship is his profession, and he cannot neglect the details of this profession and hope to have a successful pastorate. I mean ultimate responsibility in everything—including push buttons, financial campaigns and liturgical forms. And leadership in these things will invariably meet with a ready response on the part of the laity. But it is not on these minor matters that I want to dwell. The Church, like a proposition, requires major as well as minor considerations. The details of churchmanship are only means to greater ends—and it is on these ends that I want to dwell.

I—A major concern is the keeping inviolate of the basic tradition of the Unitarian church.

What is our basic tradition? The answer is simple and the evidence is conclusive. Our church has always stood fundamentally for (1) spiritual liberty, (2) social progress, and (3) the sacredness of the individual opinions of all persons. For evidence, if any is needed, I refer you to Unitarian history as recorded by Unitarian historians, including Cooke and Wilbur and Lyttle.

Consider, first, spiritual liberty. There is considerable agitation for some sort of standard of Unitarian orthodoxy. I understand very well the state of mind of those who seem to feel the need for a spiritual corral. Practically all the precedents of ecclesiastical history are with them. The very temperament of the majority of the race seems to crave spiritual authority. Notably have slaves in all ages paid little heed to their would-be emancipators. But the tendency of the enlightened everywhere is in the direction of the Unitarian tradition of freedom. Manifestly, therefore, the Unitarian experiment is worthy of loyalty. There are comparatively few religious institutions where freedom is cherished as an indispensable means to all noble ends. There are any number of creedal institutions. Those who cannot tolerate freedom and difference of opinion should not wreck the Unitarian experiment, but should quietly find their places in the one hundred and eighty-five varieties of the authoritative branch of religion in America. But ministers alone cannot maintain this noble tradition. They must have the understanding cooperation of the laity.

Consider, second, social progress. The two outstanding authorities of the early days of Uni-

tarianism in America are Channing and Parker. Their volumes of sermons are surcharged with a social gospel. Everything that concerned human well being concerned them. Abraham Lincoln was mightily influenced by the words of Parker. And in the realm of social service the name of Tuckerman is immortal.

Whenever and to whatever extent Unitarianism holds aloof from pressing human issues, then and to that extent it fails in loyalty to one of its basic traditions.

Strange enough, during the last decade when the world has witnessed its most striking social upheavals, when the mind of man has turned as never before to problems of human adjustment, our movement in America has been void of any functioning department of social relations. And only recently has a decision been reached to re-establish the department.

Frankly we have practically lost our standing as a socially redemptive agency. It is high time that we regained it.

Consider, third, the sacredness of individual opinion. It requires a high degree of civilization to maintain fellowship in spite of diversity of opinion. Only a highly civilized man will fight and die for the right of persons to hold opinions with which he does not agree. The Unitarian record on this point is clear as crystal. Everywhere have our people been among the front ranks of those who have fought for freedom of conscience. Individual opinions are sacred and must not be coerced. This applies to religion as well as to politics and economics. The obligation to preserve liberty is upon us whether we be called upon to defend the right of a liberal to challenge the authority of the Bible or that of a Catholic to pray to the Virgin Mary. The sacredness inheres not in the content of the opinion but in the right to hold it.

These traditions should be regarded as sacred and kept inviolate.

II—A major concern is the enrichment of the tradition of the church.

When a movement ceases to move it begins to retrograde. There is no such thing as standing still. We either enrich our inheritance or we become parasites. This is a law of life.

Theologically we must grow, or become mere echoes of the past. If we cease being creative we lose the dynamic that belongs essentially to a successful movement.

We have stood and now stand for personal liberty; to this we must add social cooperation. Pure individualism is a myth. Our very souls are socially created. Combination is the method of business; collaboration is the method of science; and cooperation is the method of democracy. I would like to see our churches become laboratories of social experiments. There are inestimable and inexhaustible resources in the craniums of the people which in cooperative projects are available for human service. From the most unexpected sources great ideas often arise. In the free interplay of free minds is incalculable worth. Hold personal liberty sacred, but to it add social cooperation.

We have stood and now stand for evolution; to this we must add intelligent control of the evolutionary processes. We cannot shift the responsibility for human progress and well being onto the shoulders of evolution, or of natural law, or of God. It is by the application of human intelligence to the processes of life that we achieve human ends. If we could drive this idea into the consciousness of Unitarians, and make it a familiar part of our gospel, we would be adding mightily to our noble tradition.

We have stood and now stand for the sacredness of individual opinion; to this we should add a decent respect for objective reality. Opinions should be constantly referred to their proper objective reality and checked for error. This applies with especial force

to Unitarians. We are rightly respectful of the opinions of others. But this very open mindedness requires that we, in self defense, constantly take stock of the ideas that we entertain. Prove all things but hold fast only that which is good. In many Unitarian groups are persons who hold opinions all the way from the most crude astrology to the most refined philosophy. We are especially subject to psychological short cuts to knowledge, power, and happiness. And in some instances our churches have sponsored courses of lectures by the High Priests and Priestesses of the most absurd psychological and astronomical myths. This is one of the prices we pay for liberty; but let us reduce the cost as rapidly as possible.

III—A major concern is the correlation of the church with the growing intelligence and the social conscience of the world. The need for correlating religion with modern knowledge and aspiration is imminent. There is a chasm between most religious movements and the fields of modern knowledge and aspiration. But spiritual straddling is becoming increasingly difficult. The strain is more than many people can stand. Hence tens of thousands are clinging to the old time religion and letting new time knowledge go, or clinging to new time knowledge and letting old time religion go. Both processes are disastrous. We need to correlate the valid in religion, however old, with the verifiable in knowledge however new, and so reinforce faith with facts and facts with faith.

On a Saturday evening in a Western city on a downtown corner I heard a preacher tell the old, old story of a world created in six days, of sin introduced by the serpent, of the fall, of salvation through the death of a virgin born son, of heaven and hell as places of reward and punishment and of God as a magnificent man. On another corner of the same crossing was a man manipulating a huge telescope through which for the payment of 10 cents you could see clearly the planet Jupiter. This is a symbol of the situation that exists throughout the world. The old and the new are standing apart. One of our immediate goals is to baptise knowledge with religion and to use both in the realization of personal and social aspirations.

Our ministry to persons must be on the basis of modern knowledge and aspiration. It is easy to minister to persons on the old basis of asking and receiving, seeking and finding, knocking and opening; but quite the reverse on the basis of cause and effect, law and order, plan and sequence. It is easy to minister to persons who hope for heaven and are satisfied with rosy promises; but quite the reverse when ministering to people who want to know the truth that they may control their destiny on this planet. Praying is easy; analyzing a complex is difficult. Saying "Peace, be still" is easy; resolving fear is difficult. Promising rewards for goodness is one thing; producing self-validating values is another. Modern ministry to persons is difficult, but it is possible, necessary, and fascinating.

Our operations in the social life of the world today must be in the light of modern knowledge and aspiration. In dealing with a concrete world a movement whose emphasis is other—worldly can postpone decision, defer action, and trust consequences to eternity; but movements such as ours, which emphasize the here and now, must decide between the good and the bad, between the better and the best, and must act skilfully with a view to immediate consequences. Such movements as ours must sometimes live dangerously in order that opportunities and duties be not passed by forever.

We cannot always trust the wisdom of the fathers, for we live in a changing world. Purposes and techniques of yesterday do not always fit the needs of today. We

must use whatever modern knowledge has for us in the realization of whatever modern aspirations commend themselves to us. We have no special body of knowledge. Ours is the correlated knowledge of all the fields of learning. We have no special technique; ours is the correlated technique of all the sciences of achievement. It is our task to see life in its entirety today, and to strive to make it as a whole what we believe it should be tomorrow.

Our motto might well be the goal announced by Theodore Parker, "To know the truth, to do the right, and to love the good."

UNITY

There is greater unity than the creeds command,
Love more lofty than doctrines can design,
Beauty deeper than dogmas e'er reveal,
A truth sublimer than dead scriptures teach.
'Tis unity in freedom that our hearts demand,
A God we know but cannot yet define,
A love expressed in more of commonweal,
A truth and beauty higher than we reach,
Yet strive together, each with all, to understand.

—Raymond H. Palmer.

UNITARIAN PRINCIPLES

Unitarians have been a progressive people. The intellectual content of their faith today differs as widely from that of a century ago as Modernism differs from Fundamentalism. It is not unity of belief which binds us to those of our own past. Rather it is certain common principles which have run all through our history and have emerged with ever greater clearness. We have gradually learned that freedom is a prime requisite for that abundant life which religion seeks to foster. We have discovered that enlightened reason is the best guide to the truths which serve the onward march of human life. We have decided that deed is more important than creed; that worth of character takes precedence over all professions of faith. We have concluded that the humanitarian purpose is supreme and that in the service of the commonwealth of man is to be found the highest expression of religion. He alone merits the proud name Unitarian who conforms his life to the requirements of these principles—living in the spirit of freedom, under the guidance of intelligence, building that strength and beauty of character which makes him a fruitful member of the growing community of mankind.—The Los Angeles Unitarian.

YE EDITORS GO A TOURING

(Continued from January number)

It was dusk when we drove into Concord, slowly winding our way along side the Square to the upper end. We drew up at "Ye Colonial Inn" where we were cordially welcomed by mine host; after securing rooms and leaving our bags, we again climbed into our car, deciding to drive till we found an attractive place to eat, it being past the dinner hour at the Inn.

The evening was very warm so we turned away from the village and followed the lovely country road that leads past Emerson's and Alcott's homes. Quite suddenly we came upon a tiny house by the road side displaying an electric sign which read "Canary Tea Room;" we parked the car and entered this doll's house; such crisp curtains—such artistically painted tables and chairs—such a charming little maid in dainty uniform with whom we could not help chatting as she served us a delicious meal; she

said she was sixteen and had been born and lived out of Concord and had only been to Boston twice! (she pronounced it "Bos'on" with fascinating accent!) Returning to Concord we put up the car and strolled around the Square, thrilled with the thought that we were spending the night in old Concord, one of the most noted towns in America, from a literary and historic point of view. "Ye Colonnial Inn" is one of the original buildings of Revolutionary times, with modern improvements and comforts, still holding a distinct Colonial atmosphere. Our rooms were large with French windows opening onto the porch which ran across the front, facing the Square. After our lights were out I stood for some time at the window looking over the Village Green, all quiet and peaceful, bathed in moonlight, and I tried to visualize that early morning back in 1775 when every able man was hastily summoned to mobilize on the Green to defend life and home against the Red Coats! So long I stood there fascinated with my thoughts that Doctor gently inquired if I had gone to sleep standing up? Before retiring we had been interested in a fine engraving on the marble mantle piece, of Daniel Webster with his autograph pasted on the margin; speaking of it to the proprietor we were informed that Daniel Webster had stopped at the Inn and had occupied this very room, his signature later cut from the register and framed with the picture many years after.

The next morning we drove to the home of Louisa M. Alcott, where she wrote "Little Women" and many more of her famous books dear to the heart of girlhood, past, present, and for generations to come, for her books will never be out of date, they hold the universal spirit of youth. Like a pilgrimage to a shrine, hundreds of persons visit the Alcott House which is kept up by the Woman's Clubs of that district. Two or three delightful women of the neighborhood are in it daily to act as hostess and show visitors through from garret to kitchen. The lovely old furnishings, books, pictures, china, and so many little personal belongings of the entire family keep an atmosphere of home life and comfort as tho' they were still living there, that one expects "Jo" or "Amy" or that splendid mother to step into the room to greet one at any minute. Surrounding this big square house are magnificent elm trees and several great clumps of lilacs; a path leads back—perhaps three hundred feet—to the old School of Philosophy built by Bronson Alcott, one of the few realizations of the dreams of which his life was filled, and where for a number of years men and women of note from all over the country gathered for discussion and lectures. Silently it stands in a lovely bit of woodland, an attractive chapel-like frame building, empty but for its wooden benches and small platform. There Emerson had discoursed on many deep subjects, and Thorean, Hawthorne, Alcott himself—and many too numerous to mention. It closed with a memorial service to the founder in 1888.

We passed Emerson's home which is not open to the public, and Hawthorne's second home "Wayside" and his first home the "Old Manse," then through Battle Lane to North Bridge where that frightful and bloody battle took place between the Minute Men and the Red Coats. Across the bridge is Battle Monument the spot where the first enemy fell in the Revolution, and on the opposite bank stands the fine bronze statue of the "Minute-Man," rifle in hand, hurrying from the plow to the battlefield, this statue by Daniel Chester French is one of his finest works. Inscribed on the base are the immortal lines by Emerson:

"By the rude bridge that arched
the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers
stood,

And fired the shot heard around the world."

From here we went to "Sleepy Hollow" and stood beside Emerson's grave marked with a huge rough piece of exquisite rose and white quartz. We also visited the graves of Thorean, Hawthorne and the Alcotts—there they sleep through uncounted dawns and sunsets, unmindful of passing years! School boys act as guides in this most interesting old cemetery, and we cast our lot with a lad we will not soon forget; the most precocious youngster of twelve years we have ever run across; he had opinions on every subject which he quite clearly expressed, ranging all the way from the Revolution to the present administration of government, including prohibition, income tax, Standard Oil, the Japanese question and the high price of shoes. (the latter quite personal as his toes peeped through the side of those he wore.) Arthur Parks could talk faster and said quite as much as the usual statesman running for office; I expect to vote for him someday for—possibly president! We were loath to leave Concord but Cambridge lay ahead and then Boston.

After lunching at a pleasant wayside Lunch Room, still talking of our enjoyable morning, we arrived under the shadow of Harvard College. Calling at the Administration Office the boys met a splendid young man(the pin on his breast telling them he was of their fraternity) who insisted upon showing us various buildings, etc. The great council chamber where the president and faculty meet was most impressive with its extremely high frescoed ceiling suspended from which are huge chandeliers with thousands of cut glass prisms which must be gloriously brilliant when lighted. The walls were covered with life-sized portraits of the various presidents of Harvard and other dignitaries. We were chiefly interested in a very fine three quarter length portrait of Dr. Eliot, whom we little realized was even then numbering his last days, and that in less than a month Cambridge would see him no more, but generations of students to come will learn of this aged, keen minded, saintly-hearted, well beloved president of Harvard. Enormous mahogany tables, huge chairs and thick soft oriental rugs furnish this room that has such an air of dignity and inspiration.

The Harry Elkins Widener Memorial Library was unquestionably the most beautiful in the interior, of all buildings, with its magnificent marble stairway, its sky-like dome supported by tall marble pillars, its fine paintings of the "Sacrifice of Youth" by Sargent, filling panels either side of entrance to the main memorial room at the head of the stairs, this room being a duplicate of the private library of the young hero of the Great War in whose memory his mother has built the library. Over the massive mahogany fire place hangs his portrait, in the center of the room is his desk with all its handsome appointments, and around the walls book cases filled with his collection of rare editions with superb bindings which were his hobby.

The heat of the afternoon was becoming so insufferable we found little comfort even strolling over the velvety lawns under the fine old trees on the campus! It was after five o'clock when we finally deposited ourselves and our baggage at the Hotel Bellevue, Boston. The heat of that night and the next day broke all records of the weather bureau. After dinner we walked out on the Common and the length of the Gardens seeking a refreshing breath, imagining the soft grass, the trees, the lagoons might be a bit cooler, we even rode around in Swan-boats—but there was not a cool spot in all Boston that sizzling night! Even the moon looked like it might melt and fall from the sky onto the dome of the State House.

—Grace Thayer Bradley.

(To be continued in next number)

BOOK CHATS

The other day while turning over advertising pages of the Atlantic Monthly my eyes rested upon an announcement which began "A Tribute to the Intellectual Curiosity of the American Public." It caught my imagination and I read the entire advertisement. This is as it ought to be and attests the fact that the writer understood the principles of good advertising copy. It is quite in fashion for many who speak or write concerning the American public to question whether there is any "intellectual curiosity" in America. No one denies the prevalence of mere curiosity as one of our predominate characteristics but "intellectual curiosity" is quite a different matter. There are actually thousands of illustrations which unimpeachably evidence our intellectual character. It is true that all about us is much psuedo-science, amateurish philosophy, cant, bombast and superficiality — yet there is also much fine and fundamental thinking. In all the years of my ministry I have never experienced more activity along thinking lines than I detect in the present. Last December I asked my visible and invisible audience to suggest subjects which they would like to hear discussed during the month of January. I had an unexpected response. Requests came from all over the middle west. With but four exceptions the requests had to do with fundamental issues of great importance. Merely timely or trivial themes were not suggested. Not a single request could be properly characterized as sensational. The preacher who seeks to attract audiences by clever or unusual subjects must be wondering what has happened. This manner hasn't the drawing force that it once possessed. My observation leads me to say that the reaction of such a minister to his empty pews is to be found in his denunciation of the public as being Godless and lawless. The reverse is the truth. The true condition is that the public is no longer deeply concerned with his tactics or his philosophy. The pew is thinking for itself and will not tolerate ignorance in the pulpit. What have minds which are saturated and closed by a thirteenth century theology to say to America and the world today? The intellectual horizon of mankind is aglow with the morning light of a newer and better day. Every yonder minded preacher is vibrant with enthusiasm. There never was such an age in which to live and work. Never such hunger on the part of the people and never such bread of life to give. But the bread must not be mildewed and the preacher's brains must not be cobwebbed.

This tribute to the "intellectual curiosity" was a statement of the remarkable reception given by the reading public to Will Durant's "The Story of Philosophy." I am looking forward with pleasant anticipation to the evening of March 20th for on that evening the author of "The Story of Philosphy" is to lecture in our church. I am anxious to meet and to hear him.

I am going to quote freely from the article which speaks of the most unusual reception ever accorded a book on philosophy as "A Tribute to the Intellectual Curiosity of the American Public." Frequently books, particularly novels, attain a great circulation when it becomes noised about that it is supposed to be a mark of literary appreciation to have read the book. This could hardly be true of Will Durant's book which costs five dollars to own. Already the first edition which had 1,500 copies is considered to be a collector's item. I have a weakness for first editions and I am glad that my copy is one of the first.

Thousands upon thousands of books are published in this country each year. About 3,000 copies is the average sold. A book of

which 10,000 copies are sold is decidedly out of the ordinary. And when a book reaches a sale of 25,000 copies it is considered unusual. This, remember, refers only to works of fiction. In the non-fiction field books that sell over 5,000 copies are a rarity. Now, here is the tribute. Within the last seven months more than 100,000 copies of Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy" have been sold. Philosophy is a subject that has always been "that dear delight"—as Plato called it—to lonely thinkers. But that materialistic Americans, as we had been wont to call ourselves on the whole, should find any interest, much less delight, in a book on philosophy was something undreamed of by most people. Yet in one of the big bookstores, not very long ago, for every person who asked for a best-selling book of fiction, three came in and asked for "The Story of Philosophy." What is the explanation of it? Possibly there are two—first that deep within every one of us there is a profound wonder about the universe and our place in it; we have known that the great philosophers could guide us in our perplexities, but their ideas have heretofore been draped in obscurity. Second, that Will Durant's book at last made these great philosophers understandable. I am inclined to think that the writer of the tribute in these two statements has put his finger on the real truth of the situation. All of us wonder. Herein the book has a universal appeal. It took Will Durant fourteen years to write "The Story of Philosophy." In those fourteen years he was able to do that which no man had ever done before—write a book on philosophy and philosophers which commands the respect of the man on the street as well as the erudite scholar.

—P. B.

THE RADIO MAIL-BAG

We received one letter so tremendous in its importance that it will be all the mail-bag this issue can hold. We want all the Radio family and friends of the Peoples Church to hear about it. A gentleman living in Highland Park, one of Chicago's lake shore suburbs, listened-in to the Peoples Church service for some time, then he came to see the church and later sent his check for two seats that he and his good wife might have their own seats whenever they chose to attend in person. But Highland Park being some little distance Sunday morning usually finds this gentleman before his own Radio at home receiving the service over the air. Two weeks ago while listening-in he heard Dr. Bradley say that a few from the crowd in the lobby might come forward and sit in the eight or ten vacant choir seats, but that the others he was obliged to ask to leave as in accordance with the fire ordinance none could be allowed to stand. Two hundred or more therefore went away. So this gentleman wrote to Dr. Bradley the next day and said that in the early morning he had awakened with the happy thought that a good receiving set could be placed in Channing Hall and thereby take care of those that came too late for a seat in the Church auditorium. He followed the telling of this fine idea by saying "It is bad business not to be able to serve all customers that come—no doubt this applies to preaching as well. If this plan seems worth trying out, to you and your trustees, I would consider it a privilege to be allowed to bear the expense of a proper receiving outfit. The enclosed check is for the collection basket." etc. The signature to this remarkable letter is H. J. Thayer. As an outcome of Mr. Thayer's "happy thought" a very

fine Radiola equipped with a loud speaker is now installed in Channing Hall, and those who cannot be seated in Church can hear the sermon, the choir—the entire service—and remain in the building, furthermore during the offertory in the Church Dr. Bradley will go down stairs and speak a word of greeting to those listening-in in Channing Hall! Ordinarily there may only be a few in Channing Hall, but think of what it will mean on Easter Sunday. Mother's Day and other special days!

Isn't it fine and big and generous of Mr. Thayer to make this gift to our Church? Such a happy thought was inspired by a great heart unquestionably, and such a gift from a most generous hand!

Oh! if only all our Radio congregation would "have a heart"—and according to their means—give when they receive benefit and inspiration, the great expense of broadcasting the service they so comfortably and conveniently listen-in to could be taken care of by them as it should be! Even small "happy thoughts" help—when followed up with action!

—G. T. B.

A SOCIAL CONFESSION OF FAITH

(1) I believe in scientific control of human evolution, not in "economic determinism."

(2) I believe in world-wide community of interests, not in "class consciousness and conflict."

(3) I believe in social development through experimental democracy, not in the "cataclysmic theory of social progress."

—Curtis W. Reese.

"THE RELIGION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

A Sermon Delivered by Dr. Bradley in The Peoples Church, Sunday, February 13. Stenographically Reported.

This will be the fifteenth time that I have spoken to this congregation on the subject of Abraham Lincoln.

My first reaction was a reaction of incompetency as I thought about this address. Perhaps I had said all that I could say upon the subject of Abraham Lincoln. And then as I gradually gathered up the threads of the address and went over the notes which I had made during the year about Abraham Lincoln I realized, what I think all realize when they approach a discussion or interpretation of Lincoln,—the colossal spaciousness of Abraham Lincoln. Instead of finding the task at all difficult I find it one of the most pleasant.

Abraham Lincoln—there is a certain ruggedness in the name itself.

Years! What the years have done to the name! They have clothed the name of Abraham Lincoln with a certain ruggedness and a great strength—softened as all great strength is softened, by a deep sympathetic understanding of life.

Lincoln was never rugged, in the sense of being impregnable; Lincoln was never rugged, in the sense of being unapproachable. The longer I live the more deeply I am aware of the fact that the greater—really greater an individual is—the more approachable they are. I have discovered that it is always more difficult to see the fourth vice-president than it is the chairman of the board. I have lived long enough to discover that little folks are most officious; that little folks evidence an impregnable characteristic that is never a part of really great folks. For, in our analysis of genius it is almost a universal characteristic that associated with great capacity of mind and heart is likewise a great capacity

of simplicity. Whatever else Abraham Lincoln was, I think he showed to the world greatness in simplicity.

I should like to have known Abraham Lincoln. I think he is one of the great men that would win his way into your heart, with a depth of sympathetic appreciation for your viewpoint, with a fine tolerance, recognizing the varying degree which exists between cultural equipment of men, with a fine detection of those gradations of human society that always distinguish and always mark out certain identities in life.

I think Abraham Lincoln, if we are to understand him from those who have sought to interpret him we would find him an approachable type of character. We would find him evidencing the strength of simplicity in his genius and in his greatness.

This morning I prefer, in this anniversary service of Abraham Lincoln's birth, to talk with you more specifically with that aspect of Abraham Lincoln's life known as his religion.

Macaulay, I think it is, tells us that the chief fact concerning any man is his religion. And philosophers are unquestionably agreed that perhaps a man's religious expression tells us more about the man than any other expression or gesture which the man makes through life. There is a philosopher who resolves everything in life back to its moral relationship; who maintains that there is no problem in life that is not a moral problem; who maintains that even the economic and sociological aspect of our social personality is only the product and some times the by-product of the elemental moralities of human life.

Consequently when a great philosopher and an observer of contemporary history like Spengler in his book "The Decline of Western Civilization," gives us the viewpoint that because of our coddling of the unfit in human society and because of the fact that those who ought to enter into the biological structure of the race do not do so, while those who have no right to project either personality or blood in the biological structure of civilization are those who have the largest families and the largest groups that are entering into the world of society. Spengler sees in all of this a decline of western civilization.

Dean Inge, one of the greatest contemporary philosophers, tells us that history does not repeat itself, but that history resembles itself. I think Dean Inge's classification of that characteristic of progress—although I would not want you to infer from my quoting from Dean Inge of St. Paul's Church of England that I endorse Inge's economics, because I do not, but in his social philosophy and its relationship of morality to the fine evolvement of civilization I sympathize with him completely, but Dean Inge suggested that while history does not move in a circle, history does resemble itself. I have thought of the illustration of the spire because there are recurrent moments in the life of man that very closely seem to be aligned at similar moments at a previous development of civilization. Because we can observe this similarity, Dean Inge has intimated, we are aware of this circular attitude or of the spiral character. So we really move in a spiral and every spiral movement is nearer the ultimate achievement of an ideal condition of human society in some far off vista of this world, but the ultimate ideal is predominant in the life and personality of the race.

Now let us think of that moment as we look at the character of Abraham Lincoln, and see a similarity of type and a similarity of program and a similarity of philosophy which existed between Abraham Lincoln and Socrates. I know of no man with whom we can compare Lincoln quite so aptly and that would meet the demands of the scholar more completely than the character of Socrates. There are those who would say perhaps Jesus. Well, I do not

want to become odious to those who are idolators in their attitude toward the character of Jesus; nor do I want to be fanatical in my approach and appreciation of the life of Abraham Lincoln as to be so presumptuous in the light of history and in the light of what we know as to compare Lincoln with Jesus, except only in those fine qualities and those great capacities which are always a part of every son of God and of every great leader and of every great life.

Abraham Lincoln's father was a pioneer farmer; Abraham Lincoln's mother was a woman of deep spiritual insight, a little bit above the commonality, a little above the common achievements of her community—Nancy Hanks must have been a remarkable woman!

And notwithstanding the investigations which great students of Lincoln have made concerning Abraham Lincoln's nativity, I have never been very much disturbed about certain conclusions in which they have attempted to prove what the world chooses to call a blight upon the ancestry of Abraham Lincoln.

Do you know, my friends, that while I believe in living in conformity with decency, and while I believe that there is a fine standard of morality which all of us, as long as we are members of a regularly constituted society are compelled to follow, it has always seemed to me rather poor judgment that any man or any woman should suffer for any defect whatever in their parents or their ancestry where they have violated the social or moral code of civilization. The mere fact that any man or any woman who has risen to greatness may have come from a union out of wedlock or whose immediate ancestry had vilifaction heaped upon them because of their unconventional attitude in society, means absolutely nothing to me. I believe that every individual in this world ought to stand upon their own responsibility, and that every child that is born in the world has a perfect right to be born well, and that if that child develops and expands that child should have all honor and all recognition, irrespective of what entered into the child's parenthood. It is social law, social custom that makes children pay for the sins of their forbears. And sometimes I think we will have a little more charity in our hearts, and if there is guilt to be punished the guilty will be punished and not the guilt-less. If we can order human society upon the basis of punishing the guilty and not making the innocent suffer, we have added much to the happiness of the race.

Now, my friends, I am not concerned therefore with some of the libels and some of the slander that has been used against the ancestry of Abraham Lincoln, but I do know this, that Nancy Hanks, his mother, must have been a very remarkable woman.

It is an interesting observation to make that almost without exception—and at this moment I can think of no great exception, although there are exceptions, but they are without exception due to the fact, I think, that most men inherit tendencies from the mother, while most girls inherit tendencies from the father, in that peculiar cross-section that is a part of the physiological development of the race. No really great man but what has had a really great mother, not great from the standpoint of perhaps education or culture or social position, but has possessed those qualities of motherhood, those really fine distinguishing characteristics that always designate greatness in womankind; that loveliness of ideality and that fine awareness and intuitiveness of spiritual processes that are always a part of the temperament of woman. And you know me well enough to know that I am not a reactionary and I am not a conservatist, but when I think that woman for a longer period than any other life in the world of life, nestles under her heart another soul, and then walks

down to the valley, and has moments of intense anxiety that she might give that little soul to the world!—What a pity that womankind ever stoops to the dissipations of men, and prides herself while she does it, that she has a perfect moral right to do anything that a man can do. A woman has not the right because man takes the right.

And I suppose I may be coming very close now to criticizing some women in this audience, but if there is one thing which I thoroughly react unfavorably against any woman — any woman, high or low, rich or poor, it is to see that most delicately attuned instrument in all God's human orchestra dissipate itself away by rottening out their lungs with cigarette smoke and daubing their faces with drug-store complexions; if there is one thing that I sometimes wish I could say to the women of America—and you know me well enough to know that I am not a fanatic and you know me well enough to know that I am not a reactionary, but if there is one thing that I would like to get to the heart of the women so that they would understand, it is this: if womankind could only once in a while see this question of morality from a man's viewpoint, and if the very women who seek to be pals and good fellows in the freedom and laxities of life, could only know that they will not be the ones that will be led to the altar as the bride; that a man will not pick you out to be the mother of his children; that you are only committing biological suicide. And when I see the dissipation of women today, and then hear when someone comes up to me "But, O, Dr. Bradley, I had as much right as a man." You haven't. You haven't any right to be as low as a man can be. You haven't any right. And if women only knew that there is not a man in the world that is a man that would not prefer to look up to a woman than merely look at her.

And without any exception we can explain somewhat of that spiritual genius of Abraham Lincoln from that strange medley of emotions in the heart of Nancy Hanks.

Lincoln's father was a little above the average, although if we are to believe some of the best who have investigated the early life of Abraham Lincoln, we immediately detect and recognize that Abraham Lincoln's father had the same thing that bothers some men in these days—he had the wanderlust; he liked to move. I think that characteristic entered somewhat into the character of Lincoln. 118 years since Nancy Hanks gave Abraham Lincoln to the world. And hardly had that little family begun to feel a little secure, building a home out in the forest when the family moved into Indiana; and then he moved on from Indiana into Illinois, and by that time Abraham Lincoln had grown up sufficiently himself to stop the moving business and settled down in Springfield.

To know the religion of Lincoln we must know the contribution of his early associations, his early environmental conditions, the religion to which he was born, the home into which he went. I sometimes think that probably nothing so determines the religious personality as the fact of the accident of birth, the place where we happen to be born, the environment of religion that surrounds us at that time.

While Abraham Lincoln had a deeply religious mother—not religious in a sectarian sense, but religious in a perceptive sense, for the fine quality of perception of values is that which determines religious personality.

What is religion?

To me religion is a perception of values; that mind is a religious mind and that heart is a religious heart which has learned to weigh values, that knows how to place the emphasis upon those values. That is religion.

Well, Abraham Lincoln had the advantage of a mother of that disposition, and then, likewise, he had the advantage of some

mighty good books. They were not many, but they were good.

When I go into some homes today the first thing I look at is the library. I do not look for tapestries and oriental rugs; I do not look for china, although I love them all; I do not look for antique furniture. I think that comes next in my adoration. I do not look for any of these. There is hardly anything in our house that is not a hundred years old, most of it belonged to a grandmother or great-grandmother, or somebody else. I look for the books! The books I see about your homes tell me more about you than your business. Show me the object of your affections and I will portray your character.

I was in a home not so very long ago and there was a marvelous set of books, and I opened one of the books, but I could not open the pages! And I was given to understand later that a certain institution in Chicago was ordered to send out books that matched the decorations and fitted into the furnishings of the room. But the contents of the books had never been investigated! Had never been read!

Do you know what Abraham Lincoln read as a boy? Now this is a test; this is true. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." That is something I cannot understand, because of all the impossible books that I ever tried to read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is the worst. I have never been able to read it through, but, of course, I am not a Lincoln; I have not the mind of a Lincoln. Then he had Weem's "Life of Washington." Probably no book that Lincoln did read did more for the political sagacity of Lincoln than Weem's "Life of Washington," for whatever else Lincoln was he was a very good politician, and in our deification of Lincoln let us not forget that while we exalt and laud him as we ought to do, Lincoln was a very, very clever politician,—almost as clever as some people we have at the business in the city of Chicago today! Of course, he was not sufficiently comprehensive to take in the whole world as some of our statesmen do, but Lincoln was a good politician. A good politician!

Those who have delved most deeply in the political history of Lincoln know that Weem's "Life of Washington" had a tremendous influence upon him.

Well, you say "Why was he so frequently defeated?" Most of the people have forgotten that while Lincoln lived at New Salem he represented his district in the legislature of the State of Illinois for seven years; and most of us have forgotten that he was a member of Congress during the Mexican War. I question whether very many people these days who talk much about Lincoln could tell us now who was President of the United States during the Mexican War! But Abraham Lincoln was a member of Congress and in Washington during the Mexican War. And Abraham Lincoln repeatedly by conversation and by public utterances acknowledged the injustice of the Mexican War. Abraham Lincoln never was in sympathy with the United States war with Mexico, and I do not believe that if Lincoln lived today he would sympathize with the United States war with Mexico. I think of all the tragic things that could happen would be that; it could only be superinduced by the most tragic war of all, a religious war, that would be one of the great cross fires of the Mexican situation.

But Abraham Lincoln did what? By every vote in the United States Congress, which is a matter of record, while he was a member of the House, Abraham Lincoln substantiated the attitude of the American government during the Mexican War. Abraham Lincoln, I think, would have completely endorsed, as he did endorse it during the Mexican War, Stephen Decatur's utterance "Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations

may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." And Abraham Lincoln in his attitude in Congress during the Mexican War voted for a successful prosecution of the Mexican War at every opportunity, though he believed in his own heart that the Mexican War was wrong.

Abraham Lincoln also read Aesop's Fables.

There is another thing I can't understand. There must be something wrong with my boyhood, but every little while somebody will ask me "Dr. Bradley, what did you read as a boy?" And I am very frank to confess to you today that I never read "Robinson Crusoe," and I have never finished that business of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." I never did get through that. And I never read Aesop's Fables. I may have missed a lot. Some students of literature who anchor to the classical, because they think it is the proper thing to have read, may think my early literary life has been sadly neglected. I think it has. There is no doubt about it. But from the time I went to the grocery store to ask for Queen Ann's soap box—you people in Chicago don't know what a Queen Ann's soap box is, but when I was a boy everybody that washed—and most of us did,—used Queen Ann's soap; and Queen Ann's was our soap. Well, it came in a big box. I remember going to the grocery store and getting a Queen Ann soap box and taking it home and putting it on a little table in our kitchen at home and building a library. That Queen Ann soap box was my bookcase. And from that time until today I have had a library, but I have never read the things that most boys ought to have read. I am going to some day when I get old and decrepit and in the poor house or the Masonic Home, I am going to sit down in front of the fire and I am going to read the things I missed in my childhood, if, at the time I am childish enough to enjoy it.

Now, then, let us get back to the last two things that really did influence the life of Abraham Lincoln in his early reading. They were King James' version of the Bible and Shakespeare. And no man in the world need go through life with a lack of appreciation of the great literature of the world that has access to William Shakespeare and the King James' version of the Bible.

John Milton used 16,500 different words. That is John Milton. In King James' version of the Bible alone there are 7,500 different words. And the immortal Shakespeare used 22,500 different words; and 500 of these words occur in the play of Hamlet that occur nowhere else in Shakespeare. And the ordinary vocabulary of our American people is less than 5,000 words. 5,000! 5,000 words to express the world, the soul, the life of mankind! And those classical utterances of Abraham Lincoln can be traced not to "Pilgrim's Progress," not to "Aesop's Fables," not to the folklore and fairy stories of those childish days, but they can be traced to that unimpeachable association which Abraham Lincoln had with the King James version of the Bible and the works of Shakespeare. Those classical utterances as contained in the Gettysburg address, those great State's papers that today stand unexcelled amongst diplomatic statescraft papers of the world were all influenced by the great English models.

Abraham Lincoln was the finest educated mind that probably the Western World has ever produced, and that education was not the education of the college or the university; it was not the discipline of having accomplished certain definite courses with certain standards. The education of Abraham Lincoln was the education of his will, accentuated by a fine mental discipline that came from an unquenchable thirst to know the highest and the best in life.

What is the mark of an educated man? A University diploma? A degree? I am not speaking dis-

paragingly of the university or the college. I am the friend of the university and the college. But the mark of a truly educated mind is not a mind that may simply be filled with information, for, that is knowledge. There are those who may possess great knowledge, but possess no education. Knowledge is one thing, but wisdom is quite another.

And the mark of distinction in the mind of Abraham Lincoln was the purity of his intellectual culture, which expressed itself not in knowing the facts about science or chemistry or astronomy or botany or biology, but it expressed itself in that fine equipment of intellect and heart that understood the great values of life and the great relationships of human society.

Abraham Lincoln shall forever be distinguished for the rectitude of his mind. He stands equipped and lonely, comparable only to the immortal Socrates in his capacity to penetrate with a fine intellect into the very structural quality of individual and social life, and then with that practical political sagacity which was the medium through which he certified for all subsequent history the eternal rectitude of his moral and political mission.

It was that fine sensitiveness of his soul that was first revealed in those early days when Abraham Lincoln became the champion of the weak and of the oppressed. In one of those early days during his rides around the circuit as practioner of law we find him dismounting his horse, picking up a little bundle of flesh that fell from a tree growing alongside the road, that little throbbing bundle of skin and that beating heart of embryonic bird; and we find Lincoln picking up that little thing in his hands and bringing it into the warmth of his coat; finding the nest from whence it came and restoring it back to its habitat in which it could grow. A friend said "Mr. Lincoln, it was not necessary for you to do that." And Lincoln said "Oh, yes, it was quite necessary," and passed on.

I see him pass that morning a lake covered with a thin coating of ice, when some bad boys threw upon that thin coating of ice a little strayed kitten. It was too much for Abraham Lincoln to see anything suffer. He waded thru that thin layer of ice and rescued that kitten.

We are all familiar with those days when he arrived in New Orleans and saw for the first time human flesh being sold upon the auction block. Abraham Lincoln clinched his fist and with that great heart and mind he said "If I ever get a chance I will hit that thing." It was the sympathy of his great heart and the intellectual keenness of his great mind that gave him that fine discernment of life that has placed him above and forever amongst the stars.

I think of those days in Washington. And somehow much of the character of an individual is determined by that which they do in a crisis. I am not so sure but that your character is established by what you do in a crisis. Most of us will be pretty decent folks most of the time; most of us can be true to one woman most of the time; most of us can be good friends most of the time; most of us can get along pretty well in life being decent most of the time, but it is not what we do most of the time that really determines what we are. The thing that really determines what we are is what we do when we are fighting to be the right thing that we know we ought to be. That is what makes character. It is not what you do living from day to day; it is what you do when you are up against a big fight in life; it is what you do when your veins and arteries are bursting with the passions of hell; it is what you do when you are face to face with that which would scar your body and wreck your soul. It is what you do then that matters most.

And Abraham Lincoln, in every crisis of his great career met the

emergencies of life. And associated with that fine intellect was a sense of humor. I feel sorry for any one that has not a sense of humor. The surest mark of Lincoln's great humanity was his sense of humanity.

Senator Beveridge of the State of Indiana is now at work in our library and at work in the city on a four-volume biography of Abraham Lincoln, which I think will probably eclipse any of the biographies; certainly, Senator Beveridge has been at this task for five years and will continue for probably five or six years more, but Senator Beveridge is making an exhaustive and intensive study of Abraham Lincoln and will probably give a greater biography than Barton or even than Herndon, who knew him best.

And what a lovely thing it is to see evidence of Lincoln's sense of humor. I do not think a man can be pre-eminently religious without a sense of humor. I am suspicious of any one's religion who cannot laugh. Sometimes we laugh at religion; sometimes we laugh in it, but something is the matter with your religion if you cannot laugh in it. How refreshing it is to have been in contact with these intellectual severe-ists who pride themselves upon their rectitude of thoughts! I know many of them. And what great fun Lincoln used to have with them. How Lincoln and the preachers used to get along. And I imagine that the preachers have gone out of Lincoln's office more than once loving Mr. Lincoln even though he did refuse to join any of their churches.

Why, we know once in the life of that greatest preacher that I think America ever produced, Henry Ward Beecher—I wish I had heard him. I love Beecher. Henry Ward Beecher, we are told by Mrs. Beecher, that one evening the door-bell rang in Brooklyn, and a man carefully enveloped in a big cape and an old slouch hat —something that Lincoln never wore—knocked on the door and insisted on seeing the preacher. You don't know how often that happens in the life of a preacher; you don't know how the time of a preacher is taken up, only once in a while I wish that it would be something for the preacher and not always something for the public.

He rapped on the door and Mrs. Beecher said, "You can't come in. Mr. Beecher is at work in his study. You can't see Mr. Beecher without arrangement." "But," he said, "I must see Mr. Beecher. I am Abraham Lincoln from Washington. I need Mr. Beecher, and I have come incognito from Washington to see him." And I wish I could have been a little mind somewhere in that room. Five hours Henry Ward Beecher and Abraham Lincoln spent together there. Five Hours! And the next Sunday Henry Ward Beecher put on his pulpit in Brooklyn the slave girl, and Henry Ward Beecher became as dominant a factor in that war as any minister that the North or South ever produced. And when it was that England was to be answered it was to Henry Ward Beecher that Lincoln turned, and Henry Ward Beecher went to England, and with his first utterances and his first opinions he stood for an hour in that great hall in London with the hisses and cries of the people of London who were crying him off the stage, but at the last there stood Henry Ward Beecher like a giant, and it was Henry Ward Beecher's feat that in the next six weeks turned the whole current of England in the Civil War. Abraham Lincoln recognized that power.

But the real humorous imagination of Lincoln, I do not think ever came out quite so well as it did in that story that I read only yesterday, and I find it was a true story. Very true story. Let us have them all true stories. What is the difference anyhow? It only enhances its value and dignity. The story is told of Mr. Lincoln; in fact, he tells it himself. Herndon and Lincoln were partners. One day Herndon said to

Lincoln "You know I have no right to leave out that sign "Lincoln & Herndon, Attorneys at Law." Herndon said, "Abe, I suppose we will have to take that down now?" Lincoln said, "No. No, it doesn't do any hurt for Bill Herndon to be in partnership with the President of the United States in the law business." Don't you love that? And do not you feel sorry for anyone that is so proper and so perfect that it is considered bad form to smile?

Oh, I would have liked to have known Lincoln.

Now, then, when Lincoln was telling one time about his trading horses. I remember as a boy they had horse-traders go through the country. One horse-trader was a Methodist preacher. He was a great horse trader. Always wanted to trade horses. And I tell you it was a serious matter to trade horses with Reverend Mitchell.

Well, Lincoln and the judge in one of the circuits got to talking about horses. He said, "Mr. Lincoln, I would like to get a horse." Mr. Lincoln said "So would I." The Judge said "Let us trade sight unseen." Now there is a very subtle point in this story, and you must follow it very closely. "Let us trade sight unseen." Lincoln said "All right." Then they both agreed that if one of them backed out he would have to give the other one twenty-five dollars. The one who refused to go through with the bargain had to give the other twenty-five dollars. The judge went around and got back and brought out his horse, as far as he dared, and it was about to fall to pieces; it was the poorest, the scrawniest, hollow-backed mare that you ever saw in your life; it was all spavins and had the spring-halt. (I didn't know so many people knew what a spring-halt was). But it was. He brought this horse out in front of the tavern and gleefully stood there watching for Lincoln. And pretty soon Lincoln comes out with a saw-horse! And Lincoln puts his saw-horse on his shoulders, comes out in front of the hotel and sets it down, and then he said "This is the only time I ever got beat in a horse trade in my life."

What has made Lincoln great; what will make him greater as the years slip by is the depth of his humanity. Can you see him in the White House with little Tad; can you see them hand in hand strolling up and down the Potomac? Can you see him take that little bundle of flesh in his arms that was so soon to leave him? Can you see Lincoln in all of those years when he was not stampeded into the orthodoxy of the church, and attended for years at the Presbyterian Church of Washington; had a pew in the Presbyterian Church in Springfield, but never once in all those years united with any church because he always said there were mental reservations that refused him, whose religion was not the religion of creed or dogma, but Lincoln belongs to us all. I have heard Presbyterians attempt to claim him; I have Methodists attempt to claim him; I have heard Episcopalians attempt to claim him; I have heard Spiritualists attempt to claim him; I have heard atheists attempt to claim him; I have even heard Christian Scientists attempt to claim him; I have heard them all trying to claim him as a kinsman. Abraham Lincoln belongs to us all, and because he belongs to us all he had a true religion, for Abraham Lincoln found the best in them all and applied them to his life.

I see Lincoln the last night; I see him about to go to the theater —that rather hurts some of the church folks. But no man who loved life could stay away from the theater and Abraham Lincoln just loved life. And the great dramatic moment of his life down there at the grave of Ann Rutledge. See Lincoln in his great heartaches. Why, Lincoln had to have drama. He could not starve his soul. None of us can. Lincoln went to the theater and I hear Lincoln villified because he went to the theater that night. How

they said "It was the Lord's will." How they have said it was punishment because Abraham Lincoln went to the theater.

Oh, I love Abraham Lincoln because he had that sense of life's value that spread over all humanity. And I see him there in the exaltation of that moment—Lee had surrendered to Grant at Appomattox. The Civil War was over. He had been elected for another term. Things looked brighter. His heart was not heavy. To the theater to see "A Country Cousin" of course.

And I can see him as he goes into that room there at the White House with that long cape and that old silk hat, and I see that big flag at the mantle piece and I hear him say to the flag "It is all over. It is all over. And look, there is Kentucky back; there is Tennessee; and there are the Carolinas; and there is old Virginia. Every star is back. There is not a star missing, old flag! The Union is safe. Come on, Mrs. Lincoln, it is time for the theater." And I see him leave. And I can see him walk into the box there, so tall that on the Washington street that night he seemed to part the stars. I see that deeply lined face, ordinarily a smile as I hear him laugh at a joke. And I hear a crash and I see his head fall. And a rush and consternation! Unconsciousness! He does not regain consciousness ever. They carry him across the street. At 7:30 in the morning he is gone.

And I see the door of that box swing open, and I see Stanton, who had been a thorn in his side, but I see Stanton make that eternal tribute, "Now, he belongs to the ages."

And I know of no more beautiful heart story to express the magnanimous Lincoln than the night of Lee's surrender. He was standing on the portico of the White House, the couriers had been running from the Department of State, and the message that came finally was "Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox." It flew like wild fire throughout Washington and soon the city of Washington was at the White House and the bands were playing and a great air of jollity; a great wave of gratitude. Lincoln stood there and listened to the bands. The first thing played was "O Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," and its strains died away. Then the band of Washington played "The Star Spangled Banner." And then the immortal Lincoln, the intellectual genius and the spiritual light of the Western World raised his great hands and bathed in the moonlight that came up from the banks of the river; in the glory of the evening those hands went toward the sky. A hush filled the multitude, and Abraham Lincoln said "Now let us play 'Dixie,' because that is our's too now."

That is Abraham Lincoln.

THE QUIET HOUR

Days Should Speak

Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls—
Or grieves too much—deserves not to be blest;
Inhuman, or effiminate, his heart:
Reason absolves the grief which reason ends.

Edward Young (1684-1765).

No lesson seems to be so deeply inculcated by the experience of life as that you should never trust experts. If you believe the doctors, nothing is wholesome; if you believe the theologians, nothing is innocent; if you believe the soldiers, nothing is safe.

Lord Salisbury (1830—1903).

O all wide places, far from feverous towns—
Great shining seas—pine forests—mountains wild—
Rock-bosomed shores — rough heaths and sheep-cropt downs—
Vast pallid clouds—blue spaces undefiled!
Room! Give me room! Give loneliness and air!

Free things and plenteous in
your regions fair!
O God of mountains, stars and
boundless spaces,
O God of freedom and of joyous
hearts,
When thy face looketh forth from
all men's faces,
There will be room enough in
crowded marts:
Brood thou around me and the
noise is o'er,
Thy universe my closet with shut
door.

George MacDonald (1824—1905).

Leave, for the most part, criticism alone, and give yourself to some creation; and just as criticism (by itself) ministers to pride and then to death, so creation, even of the smallest kind, ministers to humility, for it at once opens before you an ever expanding sea; and ministers to life, for to make a new and individual thing kindles in you the sense of life and awakes the desire of it in others.

Stopford A. Brooke (1832—1916).

Make me to love my fellowman;
Yea, though his bitterness
Doth bite as only adders can,
Let me my fault confess,
And go to him and clasp his hand
And love him none the less.

So keep me, Lord, for ever free
From vain conceit and whim;
And he whose pious eyes can see
My faults, however dim,
Oh, let him pray the least for me,
And me the most for him.

J. Whitcomb Riley (1849—1916).

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"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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REGULAR EVENTS

School of Religious Education — Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.

Woman's Club—Every Monday.

Men's Forum—Second Monday evenings, Channing Hall.

The Temple Club—Second and fourth Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.

Church Trustees Meeting—Second Monday evenings.

CHURCH NEWS

January was a busy and successful month in the work of the church. In spite of the general exodus to California and Florida on the part of many of our members on two Sunday mornings it was necessary to turn people away from the church services because there was no more room. On every Sunday the auditorium has been filled. The crowded condition of the auditorium has brought the Board of Trustees to consider the possibility of two services on Sunday. Our church seats approximately 2,000 people and by holding two services we could care for twice that number. It has been definitely arranged to hold three services Easter Sunday, the regular service at 10:45 a. m., the Illinois Commandery service at 3 p. m. and another service at 8 p. m.

Almost every night during the month the church has had some affair of an educational or social nature. The response of the members to the opportunities afforded by a church home has been whole hearted and loyal.

New members are received into the church on the first Sunday morning of each month. More members are uniting this year than any previous year in our history. The next Public Reception will be held on Easter Sunday. The first Sunday in February the following members were received:

Mr. Grant Black, 920 Wilson Ave.

Mr. Al Bluhm, 6157 McClellan Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd M. Brockell, 519 Orchard Lane, Winnetka, Ill.

Mrs. George B. Byron, 2054 N. Racine Ave.

Mr. Raymond Chadwick, 3817 N. Irving Ave.

Mr. Clifford O. Downing, Jr., 4710 N. Racine Ave.

Mr. Jack Gould, 4843 Kenmore Ave.

Miss Signe Hwass, 4062 Beacon St.

Mr. Clarence E. Otto, 77 W. Washington St.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Pehl, 5753 N. Fairfield Ave.

Mrs. Lottie H. Randall, 7661 Rogers Ave.

Mr. Elmer A. Rich, Edgewater Beach Hotel.

Mrs. W. M. Simmons, Lexington Hotel.

Mrs. Charles E. Sings, 4443 N. Sacramento Ave.

Miss Villa Howe Sings, 4443 N. Sacramento Ave.

Mrs. Catherine Smith, 2100 Montrose Ave.

Mrs. J. Pistish, 4209 N. Moody Ave.

Mr. Edward Wright, 5101 Kenmore Ave.

The musical program given at the regular church services is a very important and inspiring part of the services. During the month of January eight beautiful anthems were rendered by the Robed Chorus Choir under the direction of Mr. Emerson Abernethy, of Bush Conservatory of Music. The choir is gradually being increased with carefully selected voices. At a recent rehearsal the choir perfected its own organization with a list of officers which will be published next month. The rehearsals are held on Friday evenings at eight o'clock in Channing Hall. Candidates for choir positions are heard on the same evenings at seven-thirty. The choir is rapidly attaining recognition in the musical circles of the city.

It is interesting to observe the music lovers and particularly those interested in the organ retain their seats after the benediction to hear Mr. Clarence Eddy, our justly famous organist, play his postlude. Mr. Eddy's program during January was most carefully selected and artistically rendered on our great organ, of which he is unquestionably a master. Both Mr. Eddy and the choir are now at work on our Easter music.

January Weddings

Jan. 1—Wenzel J. Love and Margaret L. Reed.

Jan. 5—Philip Buttell and Myrtle Smith (performed in Des Moines, Iowa, by Dr. Bradley).

Jan. 14—Harvey Eckford Tyler of Harvard, Ill., and Miss Gladys Lorraine Ingalls of La Gro, Indiana.

Jan. 22—Dr. Joseph Beck and Miss Reka Trendell.

Jan. 29—Fred J. Fangust of Jacksonville, Ill., and Josephine Steers of Chicago.

Jan. 29—Mr. Ward Perry and Miss Laurie Kemp.

January Funerals

Jan. 6—Dr. Le Roy Montgomery Kramer. Interment, Arlington.

Jan. 8—Daniel Seligman. Interment, Rosehill.

Jan. 9—Harmon Poole. Interment, New York.

Jan. 14—Mrs. Grace Walter. Interment, Homer, Michigan.

Jan. 17—H. D. Bowker. Interment, Graceland.

Jan. 24—A. J. Jordan. Interment, Richmond, Indiana.

The Pastor's January Calendar

Jan. 2, Sermon. Peoples Church.

Jan. 3, Chicago Literary Club.

Jan. 5, Lecture. Des Moines Woman's Club. (Iowa).

Jan. 7, Address noon luncheon, Jewel Tea Club.

Jan. 7, Address six o'clock, Mt. Morris Kiwanis Club.

Jan. 7, Eight o'clock. Lecture. Radio Lecture Course, Mt. Morris, Illinois.

Jan. 9, Sermon. Peoples Church.

Jan. 10, Lecture. Sinai Temple Forum.

Jan. 11, Board of Trustees' Meeting, Peoples Church.

Jan. 12, Address Kiwanis Club, Green Bay, Wis.

Jan. 14, Luncheon "Original 54" founders Isaac Walton League of America.

Jan. 15, Lecture, Woman's Club, Freeport, Ill.

Jan. 16, Sermon. Peoples Church.

Jan. 19, Lecture, Woman's Club, Three Oaks, Mich.

Jan. 20, Annual Banquet (15th) Peoples Church.

Jan. 21, Installation Sermon for Rev. Kent, Unitarian Church, Moline, Ill.

Jan. 23 — Sermon. Peoples Church.

Jan. 23, Address, World's Unity Congress, Chicago.

Jan. 25, Address, Banquet, Indianapolis, Ind.

Jan. 26, Address, Banquet, Mendota, Ill.

Jan. 28, Commencement Address. Agassiz School, Chicago.

Jan. 30, Sermon, Peoples Church.

Jan. 31, Address, Laymen's League, Peoples Church.

The subscriptions for The Liberal came in so rapidly that not enough copies were printed to place The Liberal on sale in the lobby of the church. The edition was completely exhausted by the subscription list. There are many calls for the January number. If there are any who have copies and would mail them to the church office we could send them on to those who have requested the January number. The issue contained Dr. Bradley's Christmas sermon which will be reprinted. Ninety-one new subscriptions were received the last week of the month. The best way is to become a subscriber. There is an issue every month during the year and the subscription is one dollar. Kindly send your subscriptions to the subscription manager, Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison, Peoples Church Office, 941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago.

Helen Benson Lofgren and Jas. H. Griffin gave a joint musical and dramatic recital for the Organ Fund in the Church Auditorium Wednesday, February 16. Both of the recitalists are well and favorably known for their artistic ability.

The Fifteenth Annual Banquet of the Peoples Church was held in Channing Hall, Thursday evening, January 20. The hall was crowded with friends and members of the church who pronounced it our most successful banquet. The Board of Trustees were at first hesitant about holding so large an affair in Channing Hall. It was first thought that the kitchen facilities were inadequate. However, the services of a professional catering concern were secured and the banquet was a distinct success. The caterer furnished covers, waiters, and prepared the entire dinner. It was one of the most enjoyable affairs ever given by the church. There were no outside speakers or musical numbers, except an orchestra for the dancing which followed the dinner. Mr. C. K. Anderson, president of the Board of Trustees, presided. Dr. Bradley made the address. At the conclusion of the address $5,000 was raised for the Building Fund in a very few moments. There was no intention in the banquet plans to ask for money but several members arose and made contributions and one after another gave until the above amount was added to our fund. The church is carrying a big financial load and contributions are always welcome to the Building Fund. During January over $5,000 was given by the congregation to the General Fund of the church. This was all required for the bills and expenses of the month and does not include any subscriptions to the Building Fund which is a separate fund. Our General Fund alone this year will amount to approximately $50,000. This must be raised exclusive of the Building Fund. Every contribution to either fund is gratefully received.

The church sustained a great loss in the passing of Mr. Harmon Poole. Mr. Poole has been a loyal and faithful attendant at the services for ten years. He was present at the service the Sunday before his demise. Mr. Poole was stricken in Mishawaka, Indiana, at the conclusion of an address he had made to the Salesmen of the Ball Brand Rubber Company. Dr. Bradley conducted the services before a great gathering of Mr. Poole's friends and admirers on Sunday afternoon, January 9. Interment took place in his old home in New York. The entire church extends deep sympathy to the family.

An interesting feature of the Sunday morning services has been the attendance of radio listeners who are in Chicago on Sunday. During the month listeners from Iowa, Wisconsin, Ohio, Michigan and Indiana have made themselves known. Dr. Bradley makes it a point to meet all who may care to see him in his room at the left of the platform after the service. Radio friends are always welcome and are requested to announce themselves to one of the ushers on entering the auditorium. Every effort will be made to secure favorable sittings. The broadcasting of the services has made thousands of friends for the church all over the Middle West.

—G. T. B.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The first half of the year's program has been given and even the mid-season luncheon is now an event of the past, however, that was an affair not to be soon forgotten. Heretofore it has been held in the Edgewater Beach Hotel but this year of couse, we served in Channing Hall of our own church and it was voted a great success. The group headed by Mrs. Brockell and Mrs. Herzog had charge of the luncheon which was daintily served and delightful in every particular. Dr. Bradley as an honor guest made a few remarks at the close of the luncheon, of encouragement and appreciation. The afternoon was filled by the Faye Epperson Whistling Ensemble, comprised of ten trained and accomplished whist-

lers, who presented a very unique and interesting program.

On January 31 for the Educational Dept., in the morning Mrs. H. Godman read an excellent paper on the "Independence of the Philippines." After luncheon the same day Mrs. Churchill of Milton, Mass., addressed the Philanthropies Dept. telling of the work done at the school operated by the Unitarian Alliance down in Swansboro, So. Carolina. Feb. 7 the Woman's Club and their guests enjoyed a very fine talk by Dr. Mary Strong, who has been with the Quaker Commission in Russia for five years; an able speaker with a real message, she held the close attention of her audience for over an hour and they would have been glad to have kept her longer. Russian Tea and cookies were served during an enjoyable social hour which followed. A Valentine Party was given under the auspices of the Philanthropic Dept. Feb. 14, and the 17th two of the groups had charge of the monthly dinner served in Channing Hall for the church members and friends. The Business Women's Auxiliary also assist with these dinners. They are becoming more and more popular.

The following program is still to be given:

February 21—Business meeting 1:30 p. m. Lecture, Dr. Preston Bradley, 2:30 p. m. Music.

March 7—Card party, 2 p. m.

March 21—Business meeting 1:30 p. m. Lecture, Mr. B. C. Roloff 2:30 p. m. Music.

April 4—Business meeting 1:30 p. m. Lecture—Announcement later.

April 18—Annual meeting 10:30 a. m. Lecture, Dr. Preston Bradley, 2 p. m. Music.

May 2—Business meeting 1 p. m. Lecture, announcement later,

May 16—Card Party 2:00 p. m.

The Department Meetings of the club will be held as usual during the year on the alternate Mondays of the above dates. Mrs. Max Riley will have charge of the meetings for half of the season and Mrs. William Herzog for the remainder of the year. Mrs. Herzog will build her programs around current books with a comprehensive view of each. Mrs. Riley's program is as follows:

Is Democracy a Failure? —Mrs. Grunwald, chairman.

Achievements of the Federated Woman's Clubs — Mrs. Fuchs, chairman.

Functions of the Public Library in the Community—Mrs. Schulten, chairman.

Censorship of the Movies—Mrs. Riley, chairman.

THE MEN'S FORUM

The lectures of the Forum resumed January 30 with a most interesting symposium on the Philippine Question. Mr. Marcial P. Lichauco, a native Philippino discussed the problem from the viewpoint of immediate independence. Mr. Robert Bryant, who has been a teacher in the Islands for three years spoke against immediate independence. One of the most interesting lecturers of the entire program was Dr. Tehi Hsieh who spoke on the evening of February 6. His subject was "An Easterner Faces the West." A large audience heard the lecture. On February 20, Mr. Norman Hapgood, the well known journalist and publicist will speak.

On February 27, Mr. Carl Sandburg, will speak on "Abraham Lincoln" and the season will close the evening of March 20 with an address by Dr. Will Durant, the author of "The Story of Philosophy." The mere mention of these speakers insures a crowded auditorium. The single admission to each of these lectures is fifty cents.

N. D.

THE LAYMEN'S LEAGUE

A chapter of the Laymen's League has been organized in the church. The charter membership has been limited to 226 men which is nearly filled. The charter membership then closes. The

League is in process of formation and by the next number of The Liberal a full report will be made of activities and officers. At the first meeting 150 men attended. The membership is open to the men of the congregation and of the radio audience as well. It is not necessary to be a member of the church in order to become a member of the League. The By-Laws only call for church membership to those who are elected officers. Meetings will be held twice a month and most interesting and profitable programs are being planned.

G. P. B.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

The Uptown Players of the Peoples Church is the name finally selected by the dramatic group This is a separate organization and is not affiliated with any other group in the church. They have as their purpose the study and production of plays and will produce their first play "Clarence" on the evening of March 6 and 7 in Channing Hall. The talent discovered in the church for this activity has been most unusual. They will have charge of the entire production, including the making of scenery and developing all of the other details necessary to an art theater movement. They will co-operate with the Drama League of America and other little theater groups in Chicago. Channing Hall will comfortably seat 500 people and it is hoped will be packed at the performances. People of the church interested in dramatics are welcome to become affiliated with the Uptown Players.

H. B.

THE CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

On a recent Sunday 10 new students enrolled in the Church School. Every Sunday finds new members joining the school. The attendance has been splendid during the wintry Sunday mornings in January and the entire teaching staff are greatly encouraged. The school is graded and the Beacon Course of instruction is used. There are classes for all ages and the teachers are splendidly equipped for their work. Teachers' Meetings are held once a month when plans are discussed and outlined for the work. Mr. C. W. Denicke is the superintendent, and conducts an Adult Class at 9:30 every Sunday morning. Many parents are coming with their children and taking advantage of the fine lectures given by Mr. Denicke. A large black board has been purchased and several new text-books placed in the hands of Mr. McCullom's class of boys. The interest in every department is being admirably sustained. Some of the classes are becoming too large and new teachers are in demand. The Kindergarten division under the splendid leadership of Ruth Ann Hermsdorf is growing rapidly. Mrs. Eugene Engstrom, a trained Kindergarten teacher, conducts a story hour for the children during the church service. She has cared for as many as twenty-five children at these periods. Parents are invited to bring their small children to the church and leave them at the Story Hour during the church service. Parents are always welcome to attend the sessions of the school and see it in operation.

D. Van H.

THE TEMPLE CLUB

Sunday evening, January 23, one hundred and fifty young people of the church and congregation met in Channing Hall for the purpose of reorganizing the club. Now that the club has its own home there are increased facilities for work and development which didn't exist under the old regime. It was a most enthusiastic meeting. A splendid musical program was furnished and refreshments were served. The spirit of the meeting was most encouraging and the plans discussed when put into operation will un-

questionably give us one of the finest young people's groups to be found anywhere. On Tuesday evening, February 15 a meeting will be held at which new officers will be elected and a new name chosen. As this copy will be in the printers' hands before the meeting a report will be given in the March Liberal. The response to the new plans on the part of the younger group in the church has been most gratifying. The church office—Long Beach 6878—will be glad to furnish information regarding the plans and activities.

The evening of February 19 the club will hold a dancing party in Channing Hall for the benefit of the 1927 Clear Lake Conference. Our club together with the other affiliated clubs of the Young Peoples Religious Union will hold another conference in June, 1927, at Clear Lake, Wisconsin. Our group has pledged a certain amount towards this splendid conference and cordially invites the church to assist them in meeting the pledge by attending this affair. All young people whether members of the church or not are invited to attend.

M. B.

There seems to be a mysterious law in the spiritual world, that to aim directly at a thing is not to hit it. Just as pleasure, according to Aristotle, attends virtue, as the bloom upon a young face attends health, so beauty regularly appears as a by-product of ethical striving and intellectual search.

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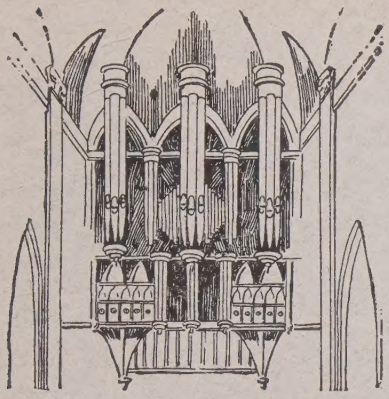

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